

Pain

's no IDEA and thus
THEY don't help. But
thanks, and yup, 's
as y'insist:

I'll orchestrate the rite
encore, if only to get fresh
ly scored: one frisks in

haste, repairs at leisure
all past help. (Even psychological.)
"Only Spiritual Methods!" keen
another feverish few. Uh huh!

Here's my heart
and that's my hurry.

The Self Guided Tour

Welcome
to the Pain Retrospective.
To summarize: plenty of time

to fret or forgo. Again,
ample space, too, for an act
of forgiveness, for example,

as you almost nearly arrive
there. What continues to numb

is traveling always
over actual geography.

History

The air and I
had been pleasant
until the river

shouldered past, then crashed
the gorge. The water has
a pair of balls tonight,
I said. She answered

Why can't things stay nice?
Why do you eventually ruin them?

Something makes me stop
holding my breath
in time.

The Duty

Coffee's nice
so's the dozing other,
those shuttery summonses.

Perhaps things'll fold
in before we wear out,
the mail unwrap

vows kept. *Hold on, just...*
yesterday forewarned, mean

while the coffee's rich, the weather
discovers another aromatic way

outside, a cardinal brightens
the wind, slanting

trees dapple down along
the jogging ground. Flowers join

earth to sun. What do I
crave? Changes. All
bewilderingly changes.
What doesn't is the waiting
unerringly aspiring second of paradise
depending on this point.

Paradox Street

The more I reveal the less
you'll like me.

The more I reveal the more
you'll love me.

Growing Up--a Progression

Feeling justified
and yet sorry;

and then feeling not
so justified,

and more sorry,

and then feeling sorry
and worrying
about the whole CONcept

of justification,
and then wondering
what the fuck happened,

and then saying, how
can I reverse things?
the damage?

and then learning
that things might have
already begun reversing

despite you

And then holding out
for the nub:
Wasn't I right in part?

We all are.
We all are.

If you want a message
try Western Union.

The College Education

I played my Titian card.
"Titian? Titian?
I'll do an Act of Contrition!"

Then choke on this Berlioz.
"I'd rather suck up No Doz."

Okay, okay, I'm taking this trick...
"You haven't got the dick!"

...with Giles Fletcher the Younger!
"Leave me launch a lunger."

"*O isn't WIT! ultradisgustingly tiresome?*"
the third party heard from leapt upon the table,
tore off her panties and then some.

Revolving: "*Get a good look you whores!*
Victoria's Secret is a cunt. Now're
we gonna play cards or fuck
around?" So we threw in.

The Patriots

In this poem's
no age or gender.

You'd be hard put
to know genitals

to play with, or which
ethnicity or race.

Hey! Politically Correct
or no, abortion up or down?
Try to fathom, Clown.

You can't! Oh you can scorn, or
be so bored you hear
your pipes corroding,

scream *Lemme out of this
lousy poem, so-called! --
the preciousness and drear
little antelope tropes.*

Good! Say it's shitty
at any rate

we're digging democracy
together.

Little Matters

The cashier protested
"I'm righthanded
and this setup's

for a lefty: *When I turn
things are not there.*"

From Various Old Popular Songs

Why, Minnie, did you indeed mooch?
and, additionally, hoochie-COOCH?--

I don't know this latter term
but it vibes lowest-down lust

in the way I occasionally desire,
at any rate, you, Hanna of the Hard Heart,
how COULD you pour water on a drowning man,
even if it WAS in Savannah?

The heat can make us strange and
strained of course. But worst

worst worst, and not confined
to the female sex, re *Smoke
Gets in Your Eyes.* (Does

America

The pepper is pretty.
What I consume
I ruin.

From Various Old Popular Songs

Why, Minnie, did you indeed mooch?
and, further, hoochie-COOCH?--
I know not this latter term
but it vibes a low-down lust

in the way I occasionally desire
at any rate, you, Hanna of the Hard Heart.
How COULD you pour water on a drowning man,
even if it WAS in Savannah?

The heat can make us strange and
strained of course. But worst

worst worst, and not confined
to the female sex, re *Smoke*
Gets in Your Eyes. (Does it?
Has it? Jesus! Wow!) where

laughing friends deride
tears I cannot hide like?

Holy Shit! What kind of
fuckin friends are THEY?

And why hide your human sorrow?
(Please don't hide your human sorrow.
for how can I love you without it?)

Those American years break off, brittle in strife.
(*I knew a man he danced with his wife.*) I'm happy to be
living now with so much
truer pals, and with women

so much lovelier and tougher
that you'd better be awful
awful careful *hoochy-cooching* round THEM, amigo!

And as for that pouring water
routine, they Just. Wouldn't. Bother.

Isn't it funny what all they've put in songs?
Like love. Like love.

Please don't hide your human sorrow.
for how can I love you if you do?

Don't you know don't you know what each cloud contains?

Don't hide
your sorrow.
for how can I
love you?

Don't hide
your sorrow.
for I love you.

Don't hide.
I love you.

Isn't it funny
what we sing?

Isn't it funny how even I must ultimately say love?
Who've beat the shit from out of it and all else?
How we must come back to that?
Resolving to the vanishing

point

which vanishes
and remains?

What is Granted To Heros

I obtained the essential permission
from television commercials depicting
those behaving the way I do. Affirmed
to parents and friends what had been

arrived at through scouring thought
had finally been sanctioned.

My parents...need time for caution,
and eventually murmur they have agonized
about it...and are not sure--their generation.

My friends. My friends. Wry to their degenerate
cores, they laugh, of course, at my latest...
whatever, and one hisses *Don't you believe it!*

*Nothing's ever approved of. If they
see you thinking it is, then they zap
you with greater effectiveness.*

My generation. I don't know who to feel more sorry for.
At any rate, I'm going ahead now to nudge past
the commercials--no big deal--and yet I can physically feel
everyone, my colleagues at work too, just peeling away.

But isn't that how it has always been? You're not free
to make up your mind about much at any time

in any society,despite the round blather
of the identical historic documents--

though what you seize in this regard makes all the difference.
However,you must,realistically,pay.

To behave heroically is quite simple,
and amazingly small: you merely
acknowledge the price.

A Law

A piece in my head
makes a noise.

Unlike music,
unlike anything
I say...now.

The soul lacks a statute
of limitations.

Plastic Surgeons Buy BMWs

and you the other
spender in the glass

watching your cosmetic-
ally enhanced
or diminished

mouth

lipping

"a thing of beauty
is a jerk forever."

Answer Before Asked

Searching Plato I conclude
it's WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW(?)
Well I'm writing this 'n
thinking about what I just thought
while writing THIS right here! 'n...

Plato, he could say it looks like a double-play, though never unassisted, but it aint: THIS! is.

FAMILIAR my radio PORTRAIT brain, more
rayed against

than raying, affecting resonance to evade murder

Miscreant

towards the precincts
of desire I move,
having it in hand,

a badge of sorts. Anything
you whisper can be heard
against you, though evidence proves

it out
to be
only me.

Next time I can only wish
apprehension, my rites red.

Predictions More or Less Profound

Monday I'll move heaven
and earth and laundry.
Male, me, I've purchased ever
more socks and underwear.
HISTORY

will despise women
discarding *moi*
onto a filthy pile!

Some Prints of the Natural Numbers

In wind
the fir
seethes,

widening
to a fan
of selves,

focussing, keen
to explode.

The process is always

I express
hope then

it urges mate. Prayer
by grinding prayer, I, refined,
discover something smaller,

meaner,
closer

to me,
My God!

Whatthefuckyuhthink
'bout THIS outcome?
Unexpected hey,
Asshole?

A Psychological Poem in 2 Parts

1--Healthy:

Trifles!

2--Sick:

Trifles!

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